They sleepen in rest, well as other moe.
Tho with them wends, what they spent in cost,
But what they left behind them, is lost.
Good is no good, but if it be spend:
God giueth good for none other end.

PIERS.

Ah *Palinodie*, thou art a worldes childe:
Who touches Pitch mought needes be defilde.
But shepheards (as Algrind used to say,)
Mought not liue ylike, as men of the laye:
With them it sits to care for their heire,
Enaunter their heritage doe impaire:
They must prouide for meanes of maintenaunce,
And to continue their wont countenaunce.
But shepheard must walke another way,
Sike worldly souenance he must forelay.
The sonne of his loines why should he regard
To leaue enriched with that he hath spard?
Should not thilke God, that gaue him that good,
Eke cherish his child, if in his wayes he stood?
For if he misliue in leudnes and lust,
Little bootes all the welth and the trust,
That his father left by inheritaunce:
All will be soone wasted with misgouernaunce.
But through this, and other their miscreaunce,
They maken many a wrong chenisaunce,
Heaping vp waues of welth and woe,
The floddes whereof shall them ouerflowe.
Sike mens follie I cannot compare
Better, then to the Apes folish care,
That is so enamoured of her young one,
(And yet God wote, such cause hath she none)
That with her hard hold, and straight embracing,
She stoppeth the breath of her youngling.
So often times, when as good is meant,
Euil ensueth of wrong entent.
The time was once, and may againe retorne,

(For

(For ought may happen, that hath
When shepheards had none inheri
Ne of land, nor fee in sufferaunce:
But what might arise of the bare she
(Were it more or lesse) which they
Well ywis was it with shepheards
Nought hauing, nought feared they
For Pan himselfe was their inherita
And little them serued for their may
The shephears God so wel them gu
That of nought they were vnprouid
Butter enough, honye, milke, and wh
And their flockes fleeces, them to ar
But tract of time, and long prosperi
That nource of vice, this of insolen
Lulled the shepheards in such securi
That not content with loyall obeysa
Some gan to gape for greedie goue
And match them selfe with mighty
Loners of Lordship and troublers
Tho gan shepheards swaines to loo
And leaue to liue hard, and learne to
Tho vnder colour of shepeheards, so
There crept in Wolues, ful of frau
That often deuoured their owne sh
And often the shepheards, that did h
This was the first fourse of shephea
That now nill be quitt with baile, n

PALINODE.

Three thinges to beare, bene very h
But the fourth to forbeare, is outrag
Wemen that of Loues longing one
Hardly forbearen, but haue it they
So when choler is inflamed with ra
Wanting reuenge, is hard to asswa
And who can counsell a thristie soul
With patience to forbeare the offre

C